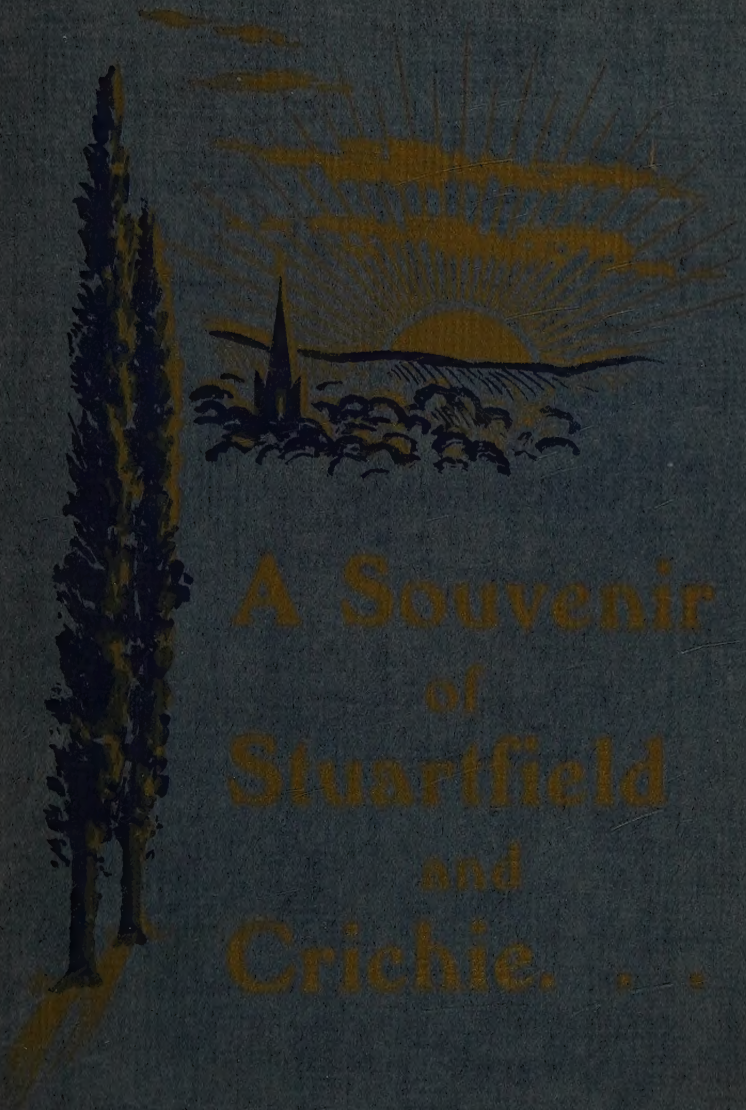
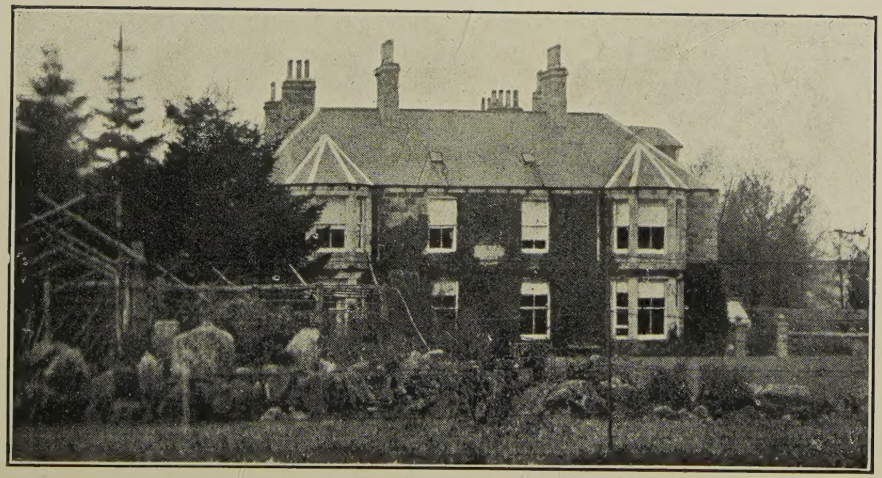


A Souvenir of Stuartfield and Crichie. . .



Crichie House.

A SOUVENIR

. . OF . .

Stuartfield and Crichie.

1915.

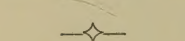
PETERHEAD:
PRINTED BY P. SCROGIE LTD., BUCHAN OBSERVER WORKS,

1915.

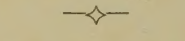
INSCRIBED TO

Mrs Burnett-Stuart,

Crichie.



Dear lady, let us lay these pages,
Of youth and age, unlearned and sages
The product,—Where thy honoured finger
May just one golden moment linger,
Then lift the pen approval sealing
To send our joy-bells onward pealing.



It is very gratifying to the entire community that Mrs Burnett-Stuart has so graciously allowed her name to become associated with this effort in aid of a Park for Public Amusement at Stuartfield.

The war has to a certain degree interfered with the work of Quotation collecting; but who could forsee that this dread calamity was to overtake us?

We thank all who have helped in any way to forward this work, and we look to the public to help still further by purchasing copies of this small Souvenir of Stuartfield.

EDITRESS.

December 1st, 1914.

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STUARTFIELD.

EARLY HISTORY.

THE VILLAGE was founded and laid out by Mr John Burnett, the first feu, given off in 1772 or 1773, being the corner one of the Square, now occupied by Mr George Webster.

The place was called Stuartfield after the laird's grandfather, Captain John Stuart, a descendant of Robert Stuart of Kilcoy, in Ross-shire. He bought the estate of Dens and Crichie from the Earl Marischal about the year 1700, and built the old house of Crichie, which was pulled down and rebuilt by the present proprietor, Mr E. R. Burnett-Stuart, in 1879.

The old plan of the estate, still in existence, is interesting as showing the quaint old names of the crofts and fields. It gives the old flour mill standing alone with no connecting village between it and the lint mills (marked as of some extent) at Quartalehouse, with the same curious misleading name.

It is of interest at the present time, when our thoughts are all with our brave soldiers fighting in Flanders, to note that Capt. Stuart, who was in Brigadier Maitland's Regiment, lost his hand while fighting at the siege of Namur in 1696, and the well-made wooden substitute he used instead is still an honoured relic, well preserved. His daughter, Theodosia, succeeded him, having married Mr John Burnett, a cadet of the family of Burnett of Leys. Their son it was who so ably laid out our village, with its natural advantages of good water and fine wide streets, with an adjoining piece of Commonty. There was a peat moss within easy distance, the feuars all paying 4/3 a year for the right of cutting peats; but this has been exhausted now for about 30 years. Every feu had accommodation in the house for the loom, and the busy life was regulated by the ringing of the bell on its picturesque pole in the centre of the Square, three times a day.

This Mr Burnett mentioned was well known for his charitable bequests for which he mortified a considerable portion of the estate. He it was who left money for the Burnett prize to be competed for every year by the writing of a treatise on "The

Divinity and Existence of God," the prize being now converted into lectures on history. The hospitals in Aberdeen and the practice of inoculation for smallpox all benefited by his charity.

There have been many improvements in the village of late years. A public hall was built by public subscription in 1900. The village Square was levelled and good surrounding roads made in 1905. A lighting committee was formed and lamps provided for all the streets, showing a most praiseworthy spirit of progress on the part of the inhabitants, the streets being lighted for the first time in November, 1902.

The pretty old thatched cottages, with the smoke-blackened chimneys made of wooden boards bound round with straw ropes, are gradually giving place to more modern and commodious stone houses, but much that was picturesque goes with them. How one loves to see the bright colouring on the thatch with sometimes a growth of weeds and moss shining in bright sunshine and the varied shadows across the streets. Long may the survivors last and be thought worthy of new straw covering to keep out the rain.

C.J. B.-S.

Quartalehouse.

The origin and meaning of many place-names in Scotland are matters of discussion for experts only, and even these are often baffled to find a satisfactory solution. Many of our place-names are originally Gaelic, and are attempts to designate the locality by a brief description of it; for instance, Kinmundy means the "head of the moss." But frequently the pronunciation somewhat resembled some familiar yet quite different thing, and by a slight change in spelling a new name with an utterly irrelevant meaning was substituted. The name *Quartalehouse* is a well-known instance of modernising ancient place names. As the name is now spelt it means the *house* where *ale* was sold in *quarts*. No such house could have existed in Scotland, because ale was never sold in olden times in Scotland in quarts, but in pints and mutchkins.

The earliest extant spelling of Quartalehouse is, either Corthiehows or Corthailhous or Cortailhouse. The initial C might have been substituted for G, on the analogy of "Gort lie mor" meaning "the field of the great rock." "Gort" means "field"; and to change the word that means a field into a word that signifies an English measure of capacity is both ignorance and vandalism of a pronounced type.

The interpretation of the name according to the late Dean Ranken, an authority on place-names, is that according to our spelling of the word it means the "fairy hollow," or according to another spelling it means "the field between the two streams"; and this latter description exactly describes the locality.

J.M.S.

Stuartfield.

Its Churches and Ministers.

The earliest church building in Stuartfield had been the Scottish Episcopal Church. An Episcopal congregation had been formed in Stuartfield as early as 1798. The Rev. J. B. Pratt, D.D., afterwards of Cruden—the historian of Buchan—was incumbent of this congregation from 1821-1825. In 1831 the congregation in Stuartfield united with the Old Deer congregation and worshipped in the Episcopal Church at Old Deer. The building at Stuartfield was used first as an Episcopal school, being afterwards known as the Hammermen's Hall, and is now occupied as a dwelling-house.

The Congregational Church dates back to the beginning of last century, and was built to accommodate seceding members of the Scottish Episcopal Church who were organised into a Congregational Church in 1810 by the brothers Haldane. The first minister of the church was the Rev. William Robertson, who emigrated to America in 1834. One of his daughters was the mother of Professor William Robertson Smith, and another daughter was the mother of the Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D. (better known as "Ralph Conner"), author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," and other delightful Canadian stories. This church ceased to be occupied as a permanent place of worship about 1900, owing to decrease in church membership.

In 1822 a secession took place in the Anti-burgher Congregation of Clola, and the "tap swarm" settled at Stuartfield, where a church, situated at the south-west corner of the Square, had been built to receive them. In 1867 a new church was built at the extreme east end of the village at a cost of over £1100. In 1897 owing to the Union of the United Presbyterian congregation with the neighbouring Free Church congregation, the building was vacated. It has now been demolished. The ministers of the United Presbyterian Church in Stuartfield from 1823 to 1897, the date of the local union, have been the Rev. David Alison (1823-1857), Rev. James Henry (1858-1876), and the Rev. Hugh Glen (Minister-Emeritus), 1878—.

Ruins of U.P. Church.

The United Free Church at the north end of the village—the only ecclesiastical building in Stuartfield now regularly occupied as a place of worship, was built to accommodate the Free Church congregation in the parish of Old Deer who "came out" at the Disruption of 1843. Since the Union of the Free Church with the U.P. Church in 1897 this church has been occupied by the joint congregations. The ministers of this church since the Disruption have been Rev. Alexander Urquhart (1844-1884), and the Rev. John Mathieson Skinner—the present minister—since 1884.

J.M.S.

Notables of Stuartfield.

Many worthies have been born in Stuartfield, and many notables have taken up residence within its gates at various stages of life.

The hammer-men were characters in their way. They held a yearly demonstration at which two of the craft with raised hammers formed an arch, the rest of the procession marching through this gateway, two and two.

The yearly Temperance Walk was instituted by William Whitecross, who always led the gaily-bedecked, joyous band to and from their destination. This annual outing was always popular and grand. Banners, flowers, and ribbons were abundantly in evidence; but, if William were looking up now, our cycle parades of to-day would astonish him.

James Will, the drummer and town-crier, is also worthy of note. Many anecdotes could be adduced to show that Jamie was more cute and clever than the surface gave indication of.

Many were the exploits of the fleet-footed poacher—"Purpose"—who never yet was face to face with the authorities. Elusive Willie! He must for a small chap have had very high aspirations. No difficulty in balloon daring presented itself to him. Mapping out an ascent one day, he climbed to the top of his father's peat stack in East Street, spread out an old umbrella, in which he seated himself; but alas! his castle in the air came to grief.

There are some folk in Crichie toon
The name o' "Purpose" still bring roon'
Mem'ries o' that great poachin' loon
Wi' his daft pranks;
His savin' grace, an' greatest boon
Wis soople shanks.

Robert Porter, poet and philanthropist, was a grand old man whom many will remember in connection with the soup kitchen in West Street, and also the important yearly treat that was looked forward to with high expectation by old and young—"The Aul' Wife's So'ree." Three of Robbie's poetical productions which we have seen in print are—"My Mither's Wallie Green. 1811": "The Black Rantle-Tree," and "A Daydream in the old Churchyard of Deer. 1882."

Village Hall.

The famous Ord, like many other showmen, paid periodical visits to Stuartfield with his circus. Some of the villagers still remember the dance-steps executed by his small pony "Cromarty" to the company's music. Ord always planted his circus on the "Commonty."

Amongst Crichie loons who have risen to good positions we might mention—William Murray, Stuartfield, Wick; David Pressley, of the "Yorkshire Herald"; William Sim, the inventor, New Zealand; and Peter Stuart, the Granolithic King, Brighton. The two latter are not exactly Crichie boys, but they began life on farms in the vicinity.

Amongst village authors the late W. G. Boyd was the most prolific. His best known works are—"Autobiography of a Peruja Durai," "Random Recollections," "Buchan and Buchan Worthies," and "Buchan Hawkers." Others who may be mentioned are—Miss Margaret Robertson, a Stuartfield lassie, who is still alive, and is the authoress of "By a way that she knew not," and other works. The late Miss Mary Birnie, authoress of "Truth will Triumph," was also a Stuartfield girl, who died while still in her teens. She was, we believe, engaged in note-taking preparatory to the writing of a second book. "Rest A' Morn," known as the Crichie Poetess, has been amongst us for twenty-eight years. Her four booklets—"Stirrings of Nature," "Summer Flights of a Bumble Bee," "Anthems of Advent," and "Bits aboot Buchan and Buchan Folk"—have all been written during her sojourn in Stuartfield.

The first village policeman was David Jaffray; the present is Constable Young, who is Company Sergeant-Major in the 10th Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and is meantime stationed in West Sussex. The temporary substitute is John Barron, a very youthful supervisor of the law in this law-abiding community.

Longevity in Stuartfield is proverbial. Septuagenarians and octogenarians are quite common. Nonagenarians are not so plentiful. Mrs Stark, West Street, a most wonderful old lady, is in her 99th year. She is our oldest inhabitant, probably the oldest that the village has known. She enjoys good health, and moves about quite nimbly. The late Mrs Duncan, who passed away last Christmas, was a most intelligent person. She was during her later years a great reader, and could converse on most subjects,

having a most retentive memory. She was well on in her 97th year. In the vicinity of Stuartfield, the late Mr Milne, Woodfield, had completed his 90th year; while Mrs Milne, who died some months previously, had reached 98. They both died during 1913. A long liver of more distant date was the late Isabella Lawrence, known amongst the neighbours in her day as "Bell Lowrince." Bell was born on East Mains of Crichie, and lived her long life of 97 years on the same croft. She died over 20 years ago.

D——.

Green's Brae,

Being asked to contribute a short paper to the Stuartfield Quotation Book, we sauntered forth one hot June day and found ourselves standing mid-way up what was formerly "Green's Brae," now known as "The Laird's Brae." Now here was a subject worth discussing. "Green's Brae" is a gentle slope just outside the Village, lying south-east, falling short by a few yards of reaching the gates of Crichie House. Studying our situation in the sunlight, we found that Stuartfield lies in a hollow. On the south is the mound-shaped hill of West Crichie, which is under cultivation, and is formed of fields belonging to three farms, viz:— Kingscrown, Little Mill, and West Crichie. To the West is the heather-clad "Hill o' Jock," which does not yet show its purple crown. To the north are the bonnie woods of Pitfour and Aden. To the east is Knock Hill, with a series of sloping fields belonging to the Hon. Norman Buchan, Auchmacoy (now Earl of Caithness).

Green's Brae took its name from the Innkeeper whose premises stood at its head, a little off the highway. It must be at least two hundred years since Green filled the gill stoups on this eminence. One of his old apple trees survives, so, until lately did his well. "Green's Wallie" was a sweet little spring from which the writer has often quenched his thirst. This historic water is now filled up and will from henceforth be unknown. Only one phase of old Green's character has come down the ages. It is told of him that he buried his budget of riches in the old fell dyke, which still does duty as a fence, and there it remains. In what surroundings Green lived we may not say, but this shining June day the scene is lovely. Hawthorn and laburnum trees on either side of the brae are loaded with blossom; birds are singing, and the lately-born rabbit runs fearless around. Like everything else the Brae has got modernised. Motor cars, cyclists, carts, and pedestrians can now cross and re-cross on its spacious bosom. What would Green think of it all?

ERIDANUS.

Our Hills.

The Village of Stuartfield is over looked by four hills,—"Scroghill," "Jock," "Knock," and West Crichie. All are famous for their hygienic influences. "Scroghill" and "Jock" were said by the late Dr Cooper to surpass any other hills in Scotland for health giving benefit.

Scroghill.

Windhill, or the Scroghill as it is usually called, is very attractive in summer when the purple capping of heather is in bloom. Many a picnic party spreads it dainties at this hill's feet, and many a lover proposes on its top. A battle is reported to have been fought here in the misty ages of long ago. Whether any secret deed of unlawful character had been committed in the vicinity of the Scroghill tradition does not say. But an aged residenter in the Village, now deceased, used to tell of a farmer returning home one night by the foot of the hill in his gig, when a beautiful yellow haired girl dressed in white made her appearance and walked some short distance by the side of the gig.

Jock.

The Villagers do not seem to have such a fancy for "Jock" as they have for "Scroghill," though the reason would be difficult to ascertain. "Jock" is a nice hill with its flat, heather clad top, and base of trees, furze, and undergrowth, amid which the birds build and rabbits bring forth their young. Here, a generation or so back, stood the "Walls of Troy," a curious structure of mazy windings. There were certainly inlets and outlets, but the difficulty was to find the proper channels of traverse. Legend has it that a farmer who had been in Troy imitated the walls of the famous city, choosing "Jock" as the most suitable site for his reproduction.

Knock.

What we might call the Hill of Knock is in cultivation, with a small belting of trees to enhance its summer attraction. This was, and possibly still is, a rendevoux for lovers. Many a marriage has been arranged in the shadow of these trees. Happy trysting ground! The House of Knock, which has, or had, the distinction of being "h'untit," stands near by. We have been in the dark

School House.

chamber where the ghost resides, and have seen the bespattered walls where the foul deed is reported to have been done. The drawing of the "Knock Stone" round the house (which we have never heard, of course) was a "break—of rest," to the inmates.

A little to the north of Knock House stood the old Meal Mill of which not a vestige is left save the old ash tree on the burn brink, which had protected the mill-wheel. The spring well still running its constant stream of refreshing water had in all likelihood been the "Mullert's Waallie."

The farm of West Knock on which the hill is situated, is worthy of note as having been tenanted by the Keith family since 1759. At present Mr Wm. Keith, junr. represents the fifth generation.

In a hollow by the wayside, a few yards south of the farm, is a small planting of trees where, according to tradition, the Green Lady walks. We hear very little of this midnight adventuress, but a gentleman, whose word is reliable, related to the writer his experience in passing this place. We may not tell the entire story here, but we are permitted to say that he was driving home one very dark night, when he reached the spot his horse stood stock still, refusing to move. It took a great amount of urging to get the animal to pass on, and our friend, we expect, had enough without a sight of the Lady in Green.

West Crichie.

The heights of West Crichie and Little Mill are laid out in fields of corn, turnips, grass, &c. Below the farm of West Crichie is the "Den." A secluded road where no house stands, but a pretty streamlet purls alongside part of the way. A battle is supposed to have been fought here and a plantation marks the place. Further down this den, south of Little Mill, stood a saw mill, which has long since disappeared. This point was said to have uncanny visitors at times. Many years ago a relative of the writer was benighted; she walked down the "Den" accompanied by a big dog. When they reached the point in question, the dog circled round and round his mistress barking loudly but she neither saw nor heard anything. At the corner of the Crichie Woods, where the "Den" road joins the public road, stands a stone which has often roused curiosity. It leans to the dyke which girdles the wood and is marked by the letter "K."

Our climb over the Hills of West Crichie and Little Mill, and our walk out by the old "Den" have led us beyond the heights. It may be a pardonable diversion here to touch on the Moss of Crichie with its old legend of the Witch who always appeared in the shape of a hare and refused to be shot. One day a man of courage loaded his gun with a sixpence. When the gun went off, pop over fell the hare, and the face of an old woman lookit roon' the bus' o' rashes.

Stuartfield.

Stuartfield and its surroundings have a history of absorbing interest. Matter for a large and valuable book might be gathered in this quiet out-of-the-way corner in Buchan, but in this little booklet only the out-standing points can be touched upon.

The Village itself is an island, round which the flow of pure fresh water is at all times abundant. It is laid out crosswise, North, South, East, and West. The streets are wide and airy, and kept in excellent order. The square is ornamented with grass plots, shrubs, and trees.

In the olden days the Village was composed of low, theekit hooses, in nearly every one of which was a loom. Still further back there was a loom-shop, which many years ago was fitted up as a dwelling house, and is now inhabited by two families in East Street.

The yearly Temperance walk, the flower show, the band playing popular airs on the Square, and the beating of the drum to publish important news were all features of these days.

The old bell, which disappeared from the Square some years ago, was an ancient relic which is much missed. The bell did duty when there was neither clock nor watch in the Village; being tolled regularly at five o'clock in the summer mornings, and at six in winter. It recalled the workmen to his work at mid-day, and its chimes at eight in the evening told the people that Day was done. A wag-at-the-wa,' was the first clock to be introduced to the inhabitants.

We have still the old pump on the Square, and the water seems as good as ever.

The first Church in Stuartfield was "The Episcopal Chapel of Stewartfield." In a note from Rev. G. R. Lightfoot (present Rector of Old Deer), says:—"The essential facts are — Episcopal Congregation assembled in a house at Stewartfield 1798. In 1799 they built 'The Hall,' and in 1800 had the Rev. Alex. Christie as their first Clergyman. He was followed in 1810 by the Rev. Alex. Bruce. From 1814 to 1821 there was no resident clergyman. In 1821 the Rev. J. B. Pratt began his ministry there. In 1825 the Rev. D. Wilson was clergyman. In 1829 the Rev. R. W. Anderson was appointed, and he became the clergyman of the re-united

Episcopal Congregation at Old Deer in 1831. Mr Anderson died in 1834, and was succeeded by Dean Rankin. For over 30 years, therefore, Divine Service was held in 'The Hall' at Stewartfield." This Hall is now a dwelling-house, the property of Mr Davidson, Gowan Cottage, Auchnagatt, and anyone of antiquarian mind would find much useful information in this interesting old building.

Immediately outside the Village, on the north edge of the "Commonty" is "The Chapel Waal," from whence the Villagers have carried their "tay bree" since the beverage was known. Nothing can equal this well for purity.

On the south edge of the "Commonty" is the "Birnie Brigs," explanation of which name we have been unable to find. The secrets of the heights and hollows of our "Commonty" have yet to be unearthed. We are inclined to believe that here, in the by-gone ages had been a chapel and its burying-ground. This is the favoured place for our future sports park, and when the needed money is gathered, there will have to be an exploring expidition. All success to it!

Crichie House, the home of E. R. Burnett-Stuart, Dens and Crichie, is a beautiful spot which we all love, the kindly laird and his lady being revered by all.

On Crichie Mains (The Home Farm) there is a St Drostan's well, which agrees with our theory of a chapel in the vicinity at some far back period, possibly 400 years ago.

On this farm also lay what was known as the "Fite Coo." She now lies, or rather a small part of her, in the approach to Crichie House. Different tales are told of this unique animal. One has it that a butcher, or perhaps more truly a raider, came from Aberdeen to steal the cow, but to frustrate his evil design she was turned into a stone at the park yett. She appears in the old Map as a landmark in line with the "Fite Coo Wuds" (White Cow Woods) at Pitfour.

On Crichie Mains too is "The Win'y Slap," now almost forgot. It is a wide opening, used for carting purposes, between two plantations of trees. A big volume of ghost stories could be written of this romantic place, all founded on the supposition that a man killed his sweetheart there on the eve of their wedding.

U.F. Manse.

Further along the Crichie Woods was the farm of Little Mains, now added to Crichie Mains. In a note received from Mrs Burnett-Stuart in reference to this old home-stead, she says:—"A stone circle, marked in our old map, once stood where John Milne's croft used to be. When the old house was pulled down, the large foundation stones were evidently split portions of the old standing stones. They can be seen now in the dyke built on the spot. Before intervening belts of trees were planted, there would probably have been a clear view from this position of the circle on Aikey Brae, and the one in Pitfour woods, a good chain for signalling fires." A battle of some small kind is reported to have taken place somewhere between Little Mains and Little Mill, in which a soldier was killed. His ghost, no doubt, had wandered here ever after. So beautifully situated is one of the fields on what was the croft of Little Mains that a relative of the writer designated it "Paradise."

Still further on is the farm of Woodfield, where, from the number of arrowheads, anvils, battle axes, and other curious flint and stone specimens of these ages, it is supposed a colony had existed.

Our Village to-day is quite modern and a favourite health-resort (as evidenced by our number of summer visitors).

We are still, however, without a Public Amusement Park, and this booklet has been prepared to help with this much needed addition to our amenities.

H.W.D.

Quotations.

B.F.A., Tarty, Ellon.

Love all, trust a few;
Always paddle your own canoe.

Isabella Abernethy, Stone Lodge, Dunecht.

Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an angel's theme.

An Admirer of the Poet of Crichie, Longside.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.

—*Tennyson.*

Madge J. P. Allan, Kirkhill, Kininmonth, Mintlaw.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Mary Anderson, Main Street, Stuartfield.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.

—*Byron.*

W.T.B., Stuartfield.

Croquet, tennis, football—hush!
Tangos, teas, and picnics—tush!
Everywhere and all around
The same old scene on sporting ground—
Love leads on and *Weds* abound.

Georgina Baigrie, Coldwells, Longhaven.

Recreation is to the mind as whetting is to the scythe—intended to sharpen the edge of it.

—*Hall.*

E. Beaton, Schoolhouse, Stuartfield.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.
—*Robert Browning.*

Violet Birnie, Crichie.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought:
A smile, kind word, a glance, a touch,
What blessing with them is wrought.

Mrs Birnie, jun., Scroghill, Old Deer.

Women have many faults,
Men have but two—
Nothing right they speak about,
Nothing right they do.

Andrew Bonner, jun., Stuartfield.

How far that little candle throws its light!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—*Shakespeare.*

Mrs A. Bonner, Stuartfield.

It's hard tae tak shelter ahin a fell dyke;
It's hard tae be wi' them ye dinna weel like;
It's hard tae be frae them ye fain wad be wi';
It's hard tae gie yer han' whaur yer he'rt canna be.

J. C. Booth, Downiehills, Peterhead.

Here's a "bob"; I wish you sport,
And may it aye be manly sort.

J. Boyd, Stuartfield.

You ask for my favourite quotation,
But I don't think I've got one at hand;
So I send you a "bob," just to help on the job,
And remain your affectionate friend.

Kate Boyd, Stuartfield.

So many gods, so many creeds,
  So many paths that wind and wind;
  While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

M. M. Boyd, Stuartfield.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
  And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
  And look for the virtue behind them.

Margaret Brown, Crichie.

Look always on the sunny side,
  'Twill make us happier far;
Why should we try to find the cloud?
  When brightly shines the star.
Some people only see the world
  As through a smoky glass;
They go half-way to meet the woe,
  And let the sunshine pass.

W. C. Brown, Aberdeen.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

Lizzie Mary Bruce, Main Street, Stuartfield.

I dinna like the kin' o' love
  That's written on a caird;
It's better far by word o' mou'
  In some kailyaird.
—*Burns.*

Alex. Buchan, Stoneygate Cottage, Hatton.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
  Finds us further than to-day.
—*Longfellow.*

James Buchan, Erna, Taumarunue, Waimarino, N. Zealand.

All I ask is a little girl,
  Standing five feet two or three,
So round and plump and cuddlesome,
  To settle down along with me.

M. Burnett, 44 Longate, Peterhead.

O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oorsel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.

—*Burns.*

Mrs A. W. Campbell, Mains of Auchmunziel, New Deer.

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

—*Burns.*

Mrs Cantlay, Ashallow, Port Erroll.

When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town;
But when I am puir they bid me gae by—
Oh, poverty parts good company.

—*Old Song.*

Polly Cardno, Stuartfield.

Guide "H I V"; want 'ill guide itsel'.

Joan Cardno, Stuartfield.

I suppose people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing the little good they may.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorn.*

Bertie Cardno, Stuartfield.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods.

—*Macaulay.*

Mrs Chalmers, Nether Cairns, Memsie.

Life is a story in volumes three—
The past, the present, the yet-to-be;
The first is finished and laid away,
The second we're reading day by day;
The third and last of the volumes three
Is locked from sight—God keeps the key.

Frederick Cheyne, Heads, Skelmuir.

Doon the green and glintin' woods
My siller shillin' rows;
On an' on, in summer glee,
Tae Crichie's bonnie howes;
There it will lie a park tae buy,
In sylvan shades for men and maids.

Mrs Cheyne, Heads, Skelmuir.

Days, weeks, and months have come and fled,
Forever fled another year;
The flowers have sprung and bloomed and died,
But I, as frail, am living here.

—*Anon.*

Susan Cheyne, Heads of Skelmuir.

I skim so gay the whole long day
On every breeze that blows;
I dip to drink beyond the brink
Of every stream that flows.
I suck my sweets in strange retreats,
I share with none the bliss;
In gardens grand I claim a stand,
And every rose I kiss.

—*Rest A Morn.*

Edward Cheyne, Upper Heads, Skelmuir.

This siller "bob" wi' pleasure
Tae Crichie I sen' doon.
That for their hours o' leisure,
An' tae grace their pretty toon,
A park they may, when days are gay,
Hae for their games, tae coort their dames.

Ruth Cheyne, Upper Heads, Skelmuir.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, an' in't bit few;
As cauld a minister's ever spak';
Ye'll a' be het ere I come back.

—*Burns.*

Isabella Cheyne, Abbotshall, Ellon.

My life is but a working day,
Whose paths are set aright;
A while to work, a while to pray,
And then a quiet night.

—*C. Rossetti.*

Chris. Cheyne, Tough, Whitehouse.

All dem roses gwine ter fade,
Honey doan' yo' sigh;
Gwine ter be mo' roses made
Foh yo' bye-an'-bye;
Gwine ter be mo' roses grow—
Doan' yo' worry, chile,
'Bout dem tho'ns dat hu't yo' so—
Roses—afteh while.

Jeannie Clyne, 7 Abbotsford Road, Calashiels.

Generally speaking, a woman is——generally speaking.

"Chum."

Aw'm fairly wullin', sae here's yer shullin',
Tho' ma' quitashin may miss the mark;
There's mony mair, man, 'ill pay their share, man,
For Krichie's braw lads tae get their park.

Mrs Wm. Clark, East Cross Street, Stuartfield.

Nothing great is lightly won, nothing won is lost;
Every good deed nobly done will repay the cost;
Leave to Heaven in humble trust all you will to do;
But if you would succeed, you must—
Paddle your own canoe.

James Clyne, North Street, Stuartfield.

God made the world and rested;
God made man and rested;
God made woman, since when
Neither God nor man have rested.

Effie Clyne, Berchwood, Cults.

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

Robert Cobbin, Milltimber.

Lives of married men remind us
We may sweetheart with the best;
So that future years may find us
High examples to the rest.

James Cordiner, 6 Boyndie Street West, Banff.

Charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates.

W. H. Cowan, House of Commons, London.

O, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each worthy deed a prayer.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

W. Craighead, Auchtylair, Auchnagatt.

Whatever you are, be that;
Whatever you say, be true;
Straightforwardly act, be honest in fact—
Be nobody else but you.

—*Anon.*

Crichie Loon in Crewe.

You ask a "quotation," but O, th' formation
Is mair than I've time for th' nicht;
So I'm enclosin' my shillin', at th' same time I'm wishin'
Every success tae—"*Our Park.*"

Ronald A. Cumming, Aberdeen.

Nunc viribus usus, nunc pedibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra.
Now ye need strength, and rapid feet, and all the guidance of your skill.

M. A. Cumming, M.D., Kemnay.

He is a foolish and worthless fellow who offers quarrel to his host, in a foreign land; for he cuts off all his hopes.

E. M. Cumming, Aberdeen.

Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Gluck ergreifen
Denn das Gluck ist immer da.

—*Gœthe.*

Translation—
Will'st thou always to soar more widely?
See, good lies so close at hand.
Learn only to lay hold on happiness
For happiness is ever there.

Mariannus Cumming, Mintlaw.

You can never tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go:
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart, in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

W. W. Cumming, Aberdeen.

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.

James Cumming, Mintlaw.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest open-hearted friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him.
—*Tullochgorum.*

Mary Cumming, Mintlaw.

I have a cousin at Crichie—a cousin *carissima mihi,*
Inspired by her muse,
Her songs never lose
Their charm for the people of Crichie.

B.W.D., Stuartfield. (In Memory).

Fin Adam delved an' Eve span;
Fa' wis then a gentleman?

Jeannie Davidson, Eudoia Cottage, Mintlaw Station.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some. When the well is dry we know the want of water.
—"*Home Thoughts*"

Catherine Dinnes, Main Street, Stuartfield.

Be ready aye tae lend a han'
Tae gi'e life's wheel a ca',
An' dae it wi' a willin' heart,
We're brithers aifter a'.

Maggie Donaldson, Stuartfield.

A merry heart is the height of wisdom.

Bella and Francis Duguid, Morven, Banchory.

Honest water never left man in the mire.
The worm of the still is the deadliest snake on the hill

George Duncan, Commercial Bank, Maud.

"Nemo me impune lucessit."

H. W. Duncan, Stuartfield.

By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made:
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
—*Homer's Illiad*

Harry Elrick, Main Street, Stuartfield.

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes;
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.

F.C.F., Skelmuir.

A merry heart goes all the way.

Mrs Farquhar, Coldwells, Longhaven.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said,
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head?"
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Marjory Forbes, Crichie.

Just by word or deed to brighten
Faces that were sad before;
Just perchance some heart to lighten,
Causing hope to rise once more.

B. Forrest, Pitfour.

What is it, Stuartfield, most you need?
A line of lore for folks to read?
Or this round shilling bright and new
I pass with pleasure on to you?
The two united, though so small.
When mixed with more may buy a ball.

J. B. Fowlie, Loanhead.

You have got to come early, stay late, and sit close
before you can get a girl or a job worth having.

Isabella Grant, Tarty, Ellon.

Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you;
It only doubles trouble, and troubles others too.

Mary Grant, "Thoresby," Cults.

Let me do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place, or tranquil room:
Let me but find it in my heart to say:
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Chris Grant, "Gladwyns," Harlow, Essex.

The road to peace lies straight ahead,
Along the sun-scorched highway white,
The simple way that wise men tread.

—E.M.D.

Maggie Grant, "Gladwyns," Harlow, Essex.

We cannot see before us,
But one all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
And knows the very end.

—E.M.D.

Kathie Grant, Hillview, Stuartfield.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth.

Maggie Jane Grant, Hillview, Stuartfield.

Be life's weather what it may—
Sunny days or showers—
Memory shall register
None but sunny hours.

James Grant, Longhaven, Cruden.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

—Pope.

Mrs Cray, Upper Crichie, Auchnagatt.

Make new friends, keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
Brows may wrinkle, hair grow grey,
True friendships never know decay.

—*Anon.*

Alex. Creig, 49 Carus Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Although I'm far frae Crichie,
Yet my heart is in the same:
And I wish the Stuartfield Public Park
Good fortune, health and fame.

—*An Old Crichie Loon.*

Walter Ceddes, Peterhead.

A friend is known in time of need.

Anne Ceddes, 11 Windsor Street, Dundee.

Well, well, everything is changing, some things for the better and some for the worse.

Chris Hunter, Stuartfield.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,
But I think a fellow would change his mind
If he felt a fellow feeling in his coat behind

J. E. Henry, Maud.

The he'rt's aye the pairt aye
That mak's us richt or wrang.

—*Burns.*

Ella Hendry, Kingscrown, Stuartfield.

Gae kick yer heels, ye Crichie chiels,
On your ain bit o' grun';
At same retreat, lat lassies meet,
Tae share wi' you the fun.

M. A. Irvine, Slamptonhill, Clochcan.

Laugh! laugh! for the winter is passing away,
And the heralds of spring abound;
So the crocuses, snowdrops, and primroses say,
Coming forth from their prison of night and day,
As they laughingly peep through the ground.

—*F. M. Wenborn.*

J.J., Stuartfield.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's sweet bliss.

W. C. Jamieson, 43 Mount Street, Aberdeen.

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

W. Keith, jr., West Knock, Mintlaw.

Never do to-day what you can get someone else to do to-morrow.

Agnes P. Keith, West Knock.

Life is naught but froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

B. Kennedy, Taitswell.

I love to work, I love to rest,
But recreation gives a zest
To healthy bodies and sound minds;
The clocks of morn and night it winds.
Hence let me, lest you miss your mark,
My offering small send for your park.

Robert Lamont, 121 Minard Road, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

—*E.W.W.*

S. T. Law, 15 Exchange Street, Aberdeen.

They who tread the path of labour
Follow where Christ's feet have trod;
They who work without complaining
Do the holy work of God.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Mrs Lawrance, 76 Livery Street, Bathgate.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam;
Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my birth."

—*Eliza Cook.*

Maggie Lawrence, Main Street, Stuartfield.

God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

Mrs Ligertwood, Schoolhouse, Blackburn, Kinellar, Aberdeenshire.

Ye dwellers in Crichie,
"Gae forward" wi' speed!
In this sporting venture
I trust you'll succeed.

The Rev. C. R. Lightfoot, The Rectory, Old Deer.

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng;
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—*Longfellow.*

W.M.

Let Stuartfield's name be truly borne
With field or park in uniform;
May unity that work perform,
With flourishing success.
Ye fates be kind to "Rest a Morn,"
The gifted patroness.

Marion Mackay, Peterhead.

O, wid some power the giftie gie us,
Tae see oorsel's as ithers see us.

—*Burns.*

Laura E. Mackenzie, Old Deer.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!

—*Wordsworth.*

Mrs Mackie, North Street, Stuartfield.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam,
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie;
Our shout is *Law and Liberty*!
March forward, one and all!

—*Scott.*

E. C. Mackie, Stuartfield, Mintlaw.

Do not marry for money,
Always marry for love;
But do not fall in love
Where there is no money.

M. B. Mackie, Stuartfield, Mintlaw.

Then in spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
But a woman's fickle fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

A. Mackie, Knock House, Old Deer.

Here's my shilling to you, frien',
And I pledge you, every ane,
To strive bravely for your villagie,
And keep its honour clean.

Grace Mackie, Stuartfield.

Here's health an' happiness an' joy tae ye a',
Lang may ye be spared yer roadies tae gang;
May yer troubles be licht an' yer loadies be sma',
An' here's a "bob" tae help ye alang.

Millie M. Mackie, Stuartfield, Mintlaw.

You asked for a quotation with all persuasive grace,
But I really think donation more clearly suits the case;
Ah, well, you find me willing, responsive at your touch,
To table down my shilling—the littles help the much.

J. H. Mackie, 146 New City Road, Glasgow.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.

—*Byron.*

H. B. Mackie, M.P.S., Ph.C., St Thomas Hospital, London.

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.

—*Omar Khayyám.*

Mrs Main, Fetternear, Inverurie.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
O' ilka joy when ye are young;
Before auld age your vitals nip,
An' lay ye twa fauld o'er a rung.

—*Allan Ramsay.*

Helen Mathieson, Dudwick Mains, Ellon.

Be honest and kind,
Loving, good and true;
Dare to be right,
For Someone is seeing all we do,
He will lead us to the light.

Mary Mathieson, Meadow Bank, Dudwick.

I hae nae wish for a palace braw,
Aeroplane, motor, nor ski;
But on Dudwick's braes a humble ha'
Gie me, with my loved ones nigh!

F. W. Milne, 48 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.

If we have no worries
We will make them for ourselves;
Better far the real worries,
Than imagined ones.

L. C. Milne, Kingscrown.

Love conquers all things.

Jeanie Mitchell, Midtown, Hatton.

Flee laich' an ye winna fa' far.

William Mitchell, Carrack Cottage, Skene, Aberdeen.

Yer leaflet blew tae "Hill o' Fare"
Upon a win'y day;
O' it I tried tae tak' great care,
But daub't its face wi' ink that sair
I'd damages tae pay.

Mary J. Mitchell, Auchnagatt.

The he'rt's aye, the pairt aye,
That mak's us richt or wrang.

—*Burns.*

J. Morgan, 95 Desswood Place, Aberdeen.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

—*E. W. W.*

Mrs Arthur Morgan, East Street, Stuartfield.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say;
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.

Stuartfield.

Just a booklet small and simple,
Bearing marks of many minds;
Joy and Hope within comingle,
While Love ties the cord that binds.

—*Rest A Morn.*

Maggie Ann Morrison, Mill of Fortrie, Auchnagatt.

No matter what professions are opened to woman, it will always be the case that the one most suitable and congenial to the vast majority will be that of being head of a good husband's household.

—"*Illustrated London News.*"

James Murdoch, 84 Clarence Drive, Glasgow.

Life is real, life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal.

—*Longfellow.*

Renie Murray, Sydney.

For he who thinks to stand alone,
Alone shall surely fall;
Our very woes are not our own,
But held in trust for all.

Adam Murray, Sydney.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair.
—*Shakespeare.*

Mrs Thomas Murray, Syndney.

But this it was that made me feel
As light as carrier bird in air:
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of love.
—*Tennyson.*

L. Murray, Blairythan, Foveran.

It's hard to tak' shelter behind a laigh dyke;
It's hard to gang wi' ane ye dinna weel like:
It's hard to forsake ane ye fain wad gang wi';
But it's harder that a'body's mairriet but me.
—*Anon*

Alex. R. M'Farlane, "Sentinel" Office, Peterhead.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake
—*Robert Browning.*

M'Laren Brothers, Ellon.

We'll plead upon our bended knee
For gallant tars that sail the sea,
For mony a storm they'll hae to dree,
And tempests late and early.
—*A. Kennedy*

C. Ogilvie, Aberdeen.

Time is money, but money is not time.

J. A. Ogston, Stuartfield.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
And fret baith late and air;
A cheerful heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mite to spare.
—*Robert Allan*

W. Ogston, Stuartfield.

This life is one long round of fights,
And many are our human woes;
For when we stand up for our rights,
We tread on some poor fellow's toes.

Mrs Ogston, Stuartfield.

Don't look for the flaws as you go thro' life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.

James Ogston, Cruden Bay.

Train the body and the mind
In healthy recreation;
In moderation—thus we find
A manly, god-like nation.

David L. Pressley, Holgate House, York.

We draw the foam from the great River of Humanity, and imagine to ourselves that we have caught floating islands at least.

—*Goethe.*

Alexander Paterson, jr., The Bakery, Mintlaw.

Birds are not always used to trim
The hats the ladies wear;
But, if you doubt it, just ask "him,"
The "bills" are always there.

Bella May Parley, Mosside, Auchnagatt.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
Tae see oorsel's as ithers see us.

Joan Pratt, Crichie.

Something you ask me to write you,
Shall it be poetry or prose?
Whatever I write must be copied,
In fact I could never compose.
Something you ask me to write you,
I don't know where to begin;
For I've nothing original in me
Excepting original sin.

Jean Reid, Bruntbrae.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Charles D. Robb, Main Street, Stuartfield.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yersel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Dr Ritchie, Mavisbank, Old Deer.

When we are young we think ourselves wonderful; but later on we discover that we are just like other people, only perhaps not so sensible, or so kind.

W.E.S., The Square, Stuartfield.

I love you, oh! so dearly,
So tender and so true;
So, won't you send a line to say,
Dear heart, you love me too.

E.S., C— M—

God save the King.

Mrs Sangster, Slamannan.

Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed;
Beauty no pencil beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best if never intermixed.

—*Shakespeare.*

Charlotte A. Sangster, Stonehousehill, Hatton.

May all your wishes and endeavours
Be blessed by Fortune's smiles and favours.

Mrs Sangster, Greenhill, Cruden.

Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none:
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

—*Ann Taylor.*

Alexr. Scott, 79 Station Road, Ellon.

O, sic a happy warl' 't wad be
If folk wad hae mair unity;
If we wad a jine he'rt an' han'
An' help oor neibour a' we can—
Jist like the Bards o' Buchan.

George Shand, Salmon Croft, Blairs, Aberdeen.

To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with pleasure, is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the shade of recreation.

C. A. Sim, 50 George Street, Huntly.

Like thè star that shines afar,
Without haste and without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway,
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

George Simpson, Crichie.

A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
—*Homer's Illiad.*

Peter A. Simpson, Commercial Bank, Maud.

The sweetest hours that ere I spend
Are spent among the lassies O.

T. Chalmers Skinner, London, W.

Keep pushing, tis wiser than sitting aside
And dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail.

Mrs Skinner, Stuartfield Manse.

We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers deny us for our good; so we find we profit by losing of our prayers.
—*Shakespeare.*

Herbert Skinner, Glasgow.

It's what you've slaved for with all your strength,
Not what, through luck, you perchance possess,
That brings content to your soul at length,
That really counts when you've won success.
—*Kenneth Proctor Littaner.*

John Slessor, Cruden Bay.

If humanity were bound together by the cords of friendship, we would never find words to express the joy we would feel

Maggie Smith, Quartalehouse, Old Deer.

Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could mak' us happy lang;
The he'rt's aye the pairt aye
That mak's us richt or wrang.

—*Burns.*

A. Smith, 159 Duthie Terrace, Aberdeen.

Dear Scotland, as I wander o'er
Thy broad expanse, its scenes to view;
The more I see, I do the more
Become a patriot to you.

—*Jeems M'Mair.*

Mrs Smith, Dunshillock, Mintlaw Station.

The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining;
So learn to turn your clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show their silver lining.

Mrs Spence, The Lodge, Foveran House.

Fond Dame, that deem'st of things divine,
As of human that they may altered be,
And changed at pleasure for those whims of thine!
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree
Not all the gods can change or Jove himself can free.

—*Spenser.*

Mrs James Stark, Corstorphine.

Live pure; speak true; right wrong.

Mrs Wm. Stark, Main Street, Stuartfield.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; the medicine, a true friend.

Jessie Stark, Main Street, Stuartfield.

In the bonnie howes o' Crichie
We maun hae a pleasure park
For croquet, golf, and tennis;
An' I'm nae ayon the mark
Fin I say that for a weddin'
It wad be the verra thing,
For the dancers, pipers, singers
Cud gar a' the woodlan's ring.

George Stephen, Aberdeen.

Life is mainly froth and bubble;
Two thing stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

A. Stephen, Bank House, Old Deer.

O, woman! in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

E. Burnett-Stuart of Dens and Crichie.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
And love to banter and fight so well—
That's a thing I never can tell.
But I know I love to play
Through the meadows among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*Hogge.*

Mrs Burnett-Stuart, Crichie.

Noo, man, hoo can ye think it richt
To waste your time, nicht aifter nicht,
An' hunker in the failin' licht,
Wi' moody broo,
Like some puir dwinin' thewless wicht
Wi' death in view?
. . . . . .
Instead o' vreetin' like a clerk
Till bed-time brings alang the dark,
Ye should be sportin' in the park,
An' hear the clamour
Wad greet ye, should ye pass my mark
Wi' stane or hammer.

—*Charles Murray.*

Gilbert Burnett-Stuart, Crichie.

Mens sana in corpore sans.
A sound mind in a sound body.

John Stuart, Bruxie, Maud.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places:
That was how in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages.
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Ina Stuart, The Square, Stuartfield.

I wish a were a bunch of twine,
And you a bunch of heather;
A besom mannie might come by
And tie us both together.

George Stuart, The Square, Stuartfield.

Heaven bless the wives, they fill our lives
With little bees and honey;
They soothe life's shocks; they mend our socks:
But don't they spend the money!

William Thomson, Old Manse, Stuartfield.

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

Mrs W. Thomson, Old Manse, Stuartfield.

I'm not denying the women are foolish;
God Almighty made them to match the men.

Jessie Urquhart, Clola, Mintlaw.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

M. Vollar, Aberdeen.

Happy the man, and happy he alone
Who can call to-day his own.
He who, secure within, can say—
To-morrow do thy worst,
For I have lived to-day.

B. W., Stuartfield.

Is e'n Tighearna mo Chuachaille: cha Chi mi ann an dith.

—*Salm.* xxiii., 1.

J.W., London.

A sprig o' Crichie in London.

Miss H. Walker, 2 Rose Bank, Hatton.

To support a good cause,
Crichie lads—I am willin';
Success to your venture,
Fareweel to my shillin'!

Maggie Walker, 83 Queen Street, Peterhead.

So, some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
That Time and Fate, of all their vintage prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

—*Omar Khayyám.*

Mrs Walker, Cort Ellis Farm.

We planned our park in time of peace;
Soon, soon may this dread warfare cease!

John B. Wallace, North Street, Stuartfield.

A happy bit hame this aul' wardle wud be,
If men when they're here could mak' shift tae agree:
An' ilk say tae his neebour, in cottage an' ha'—
"Come, gie me yer han'—we are brethren a'."

—*Robert Nicoll*

Mrs David Webster, North Street, Stuartfield.

There is a word, one little word,
To loving hearts 'tis dear:
In English 'tis "forget-me-not,"
In French 'tis "souvenir."

Agnes A. Whyte, Bruntbrae, Maud.

If aught thou hast to give or spend,
The Stuartfield pleasure park attend;
If poor, but still in spirit willing,
Out with your purse and give a shilling.

Jeannie Ann Will, Aberdeen.

Th lads o' Crichie race an' ram'age;
An' here's a "bob" tae pey the damage!

Mary Ann Wilson, Kinaldie, Auchnagatt.

In every change of fortune or of clime,
In every change of man's uncertain lot,
The more endear'd by distance and by time,
Affection's sacred home is unforgot.

Dr Robert M. Wilson, Tarty, Ellon.

As you pass through life, live by the way.

Jeannie Wood, Howe of Skelmuir.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

John Young, Police Station, Stuartfield.

Eendragt maakt magt.
Mony littles mak' a muckle.

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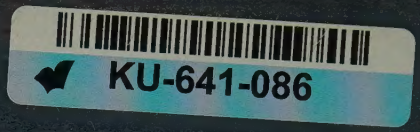
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